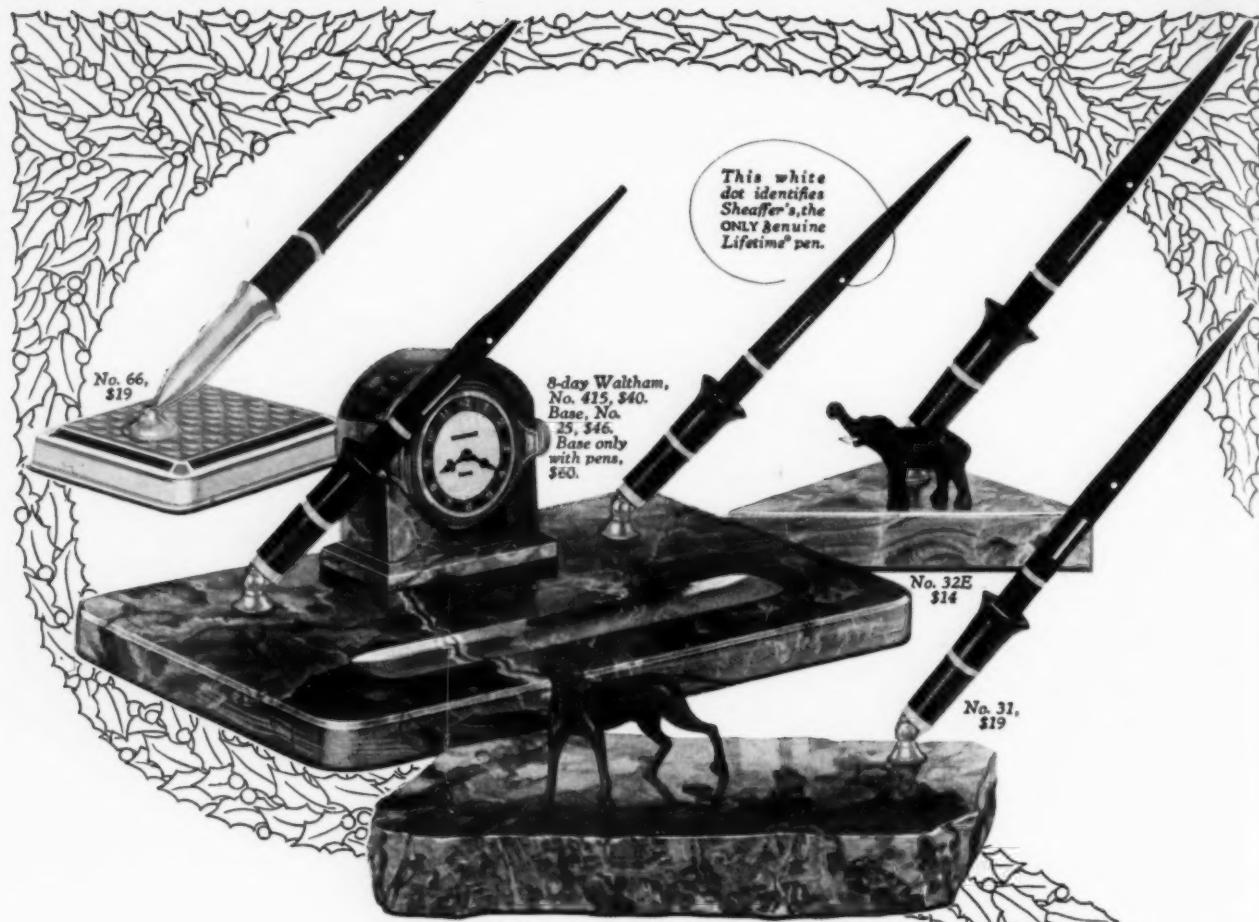


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Something luxuriously NEW



THE NATIONAL HOTEL OF CUBA HAVANA - CUBA

Under the direction of
FRED STERRY, President
The Plaza, New York
WILL P. TAYLOR, Manager

When sun and amethyst seas are at their best . . . when chic Americans are leaving winter in the cold for the Paris of the tropics . . . for that brilliant moment the National Hotel has timed its opening. The Plaza and Savoy-Plaza of New York have set their duplicate in luxury on the Malecon . . . in the super-fashionable section of Havana . . . stone's throw from the very center of gaiety, yet beyond the tumult of a great city.

Seventy-five feet of palm-shaded altitude turns on cool Caribbean breezes. You dine on the smartest of terraces . . . or in a salon of silver, splashed with color-mad flowers of the tropics . . . just to remind you that this

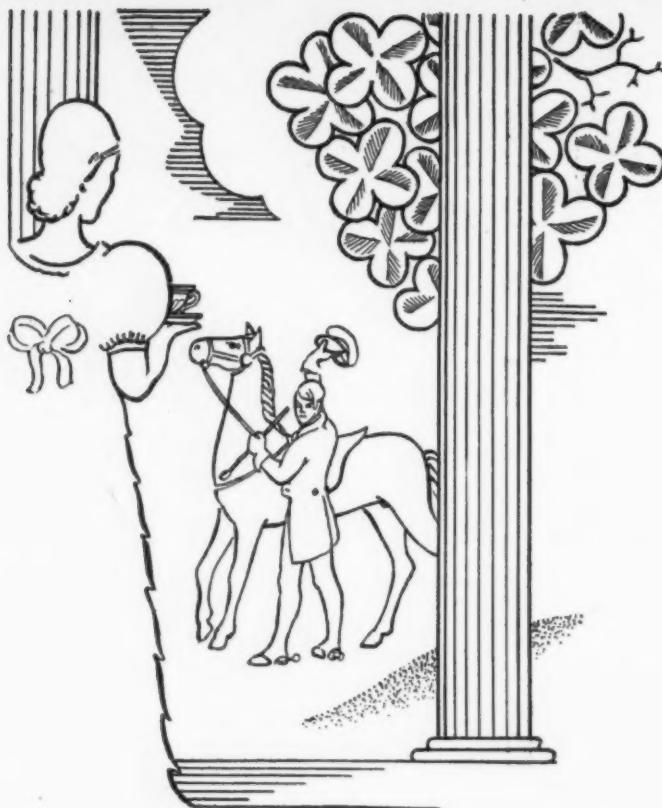
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pleasures simply cannot be exhausted. Obviously you should arrange to be in Havana this winter.

is Havana, not Monte Carlo or Cannes . . . while Paris-minded chefs lean toward the exotic in cuisine. A special brokerage office brings Wall Street into the hotel . . . and you sleep (if you can find the time) or entertain expansively in rooms of regal proportions . . . as cool as the sea itself.

And when you're not gaming at the casino or playing crack golf on palm-edged courses . . . or swimming in the private pool . . . you'll be dancing on polished parquet . . . in gatherings notable by a generous sprinkling of diplomats. In fact, the National Hotel's paraphernalia for smart-world

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In the old days the stirrup-cup sped the parting guest . . . a gracious gesture indicative of concern for the guest's welfare to the very last moment.

The smart modern hostess takes leave of her guests of the evening in a way that is equally thoughtful. Just before they leave, she serves them with a cup of some flavorful cream soup, or a bouillon —accompanied by one of the long, narrow, salted crackers.

Hostesses have found that Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is particularly relished. There is a flavor about it—a richness—an enjoyment; it has such a cheerful color—such an appetizing aroma. Every guest is the happier for its flavorful goodness!

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57

HEINZ

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Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup • Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
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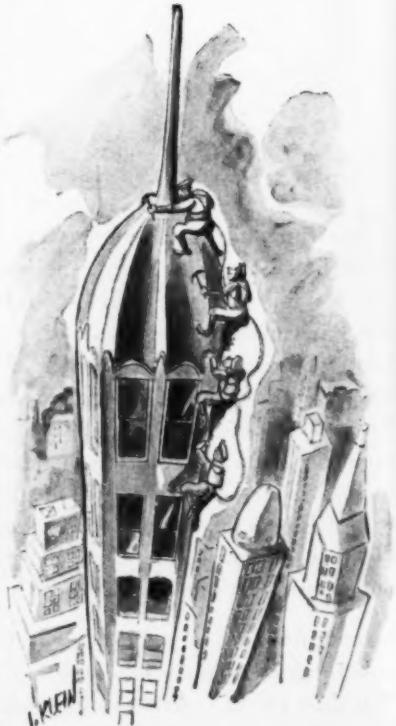
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"Now to plant Old Glory and claim this for the U. S. A.!"

S + *e*



"Well—I'm afraid we're thrown on our own for the moment."

Sterling Mushrooms

"Silver is being found in mushrooms by Mr. High Ramage, a British scientist of Norwich. In some of the mushroom parts the silver amounts to one-thousandth of one per cent, and in others to one-twentieth of one per cent."

—News item.

Mr. High Ramage,
Norwich,
England.

Dear Mr. Ramage:

The other day I found a small deposit of metal on my beef steak. I scraped my knife on the side of my plate and thought nothing more of it (I attributed it, at the time, to some recent dental work) until I saw the above item in the newspaper. I realize, now, that a rich deposit of silver was probably thrown out into the ash can along with some burned sweet potatoes which I passed up.

In checking back with our cook I discovered that the steak (or pay-dirt) which she had served me the day I struck ore had been smothered with mushrooms. My last instructions to Martha were to run all edible fungi through a sluice, pan the screenings for silver and send the residue and tough stems to the assay office before serving them at table.

That's not the only precaution I've taken either, Mr. Ramage. I've staked out a claim in Herzog's Grocery Store. He's to pay me a royalty on every mushroom that goes out of the place and, if silver is struck in any of his other vegetables, I am to receive an option in the mine.

Here's another rather neat alchemistic scheme which I pass on to you for what it is worth: I've bored a hole in the bottom of my chafing dish, with a lead-off which runs through the pantry into my office. The mushrooms and butter are placed into the dish over a hot flame. After simmering for several minutes the broiled mushrooms, slag and other impurities rise to the top, while the silver alloy, being heavier and

less digestible, sinks to the bottom, runs off through the hopper and is collected in the front office by bonded workmen. Here it is caught in caldrons, cooled and seasoned to taste. The butter sauce is skimmed off and the residue is poured into pigs, stamped and sent to the U. S. Mint to be coined.

I find myself eating more steak than is good for me, Mr. Ramage, but, as a financial venture, it is well worth it. In another month I expect to install a Bessemer furnace in place of the present out-of-date chafing dish. By sending a blast of air through the umbrella-shaped *Agaricus campestris* I can burn

out the carbon and other impurities, draw off the metal in its natural state and still serve a mighty nice little dinner if guests should drop in unexpectedly.

With this new equipment I also minimize the risk a prospector runs of getting a load of toadstools, rich in ptomaine poisoning, yet containing none of the more precious metals which are to be found in the edible fungi.

Yours truly,

JACK CLUETT.

P. S. Would you care to put a little money in a spinach mine I'm about to open?

J. C.



The tuba player goes a-wooing.

The Conversations of Candide

"I am disturbed in my mind," began Candide, "over the program of the Fundamentalists. They are obviously attempting to bend accepted human knowledge to the preservation of an organization in which they are great."

"That is a lot of big words," said Pangloss dryly, "to express a condition which is as old as civilization. In every age those in control of the political machinery have invoked a divine sanction for their position. The priests did it in Egypt. Torquemada did it. Louis XIV did it. Calvin did it. Wesley did it. The Abolitionists did it. It is nothing to get excited about."

"Yes," replied Candide, "but this is supposed to be a republic whose government is based on laws administered to the ends of truth and justice."

"I have never seen any evidence to support such a proposition," said Pangloss. "Of course all governments are of men and not of laws. Pretty soon it will be discovered that the men responsible for what offends you in the present situation have margin accounts with stock brokers, or brothers in the fruit juice business; and they will go the way of all flesh."

"That is all very well," rejoined Candide, "but I shall be an old man then. Why do I have to support this tyranny in my youth?"

"Be patient. It is the way of the world," said Pangloss. "Somehow, it must be for the best."

"And I suppose," exclaimed Candide, "that the Great Engineer knows that he can't hurry this process; that in time the F. Scott McBrides and the Bishop Cannons will be shown up; that the pussy-footerers will be eliminated from politics; and divine revelations will give place to a search for truth!"

"That would not happen," answered Pangloss, "except in a prolonged period of bad times. Nobody is interested in truth while they are prosperous. You see the idealistic effect of the financial depression in South American governments at this very minute. The difference between a tyrant and a leader is simply a question of prosperity. But I cannot share your disdain for revealed truth and the reports of the Methodist brethren as to the wishes of the Almighty. As illustrations of simian psychology they are valuable, not to say diverting."



"Let me have one of each, my good man—I was kicked out of both places."

"I think what you say is disgusting," said Candide. "It is equivalent to appraising the efforts of the Great Engineer as those of a medicine-man who undertakes to make the sun rise or the crops grow; and when those inevitable events take place, he will get the credit for them."

"Heavens, Candide!" cried Pangloss.

"Accept the world! Admit the kind of a monkey that we are. Don't try to eliminate all the hokum from life. Be humble about it. Remember that the meek shall inherit the earth."

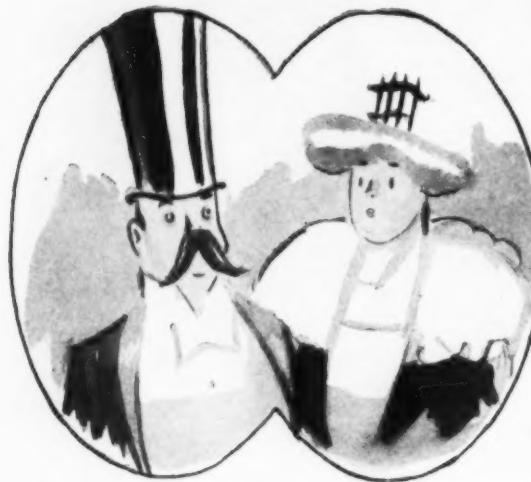
"They will certainly never get it any other way," said Candide tartly.

—Abacus.



"Tell me about the old traditions, I wanna get fightin' mad."

EXTRA! EXTRA!



MR. AND MRS. PEEBLES LOST IN MID-PACIFIC

Well Known Philanthropist and Wife Forced Down In Heavy Seas. Radiogram States Motor Trouble Due To Ginger Ale In Gasoline

Says What America Needs Is Better Radio Programs

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 7.—Radio reports received here today from the Trans-Pacific flyer, Capt. Oscar Whangslanger, and his two well known passengers, told of the fate of the ship "Faux Pas." The first radio report



Captain Whangslanger.

received from Mr. Peebles at 6:15 p. m. Western Time stated as follows: "Having a fine time—wish you were here. We have a lovely room, facing the ocean, with Running Water, an Indian chief. We enjoyed the Croon Oil hour over WJZ heartily. Please send relief (and some Victrola records.)

A second radio, from Capt. Whangslanger, received at 6:13 p. m. asked for aid immediately. "If I had known that Mr. and Mrs. Peebles played such an awful game of bridge,

I never would have asked them along," he stated. "It's hell out here without any movies or anything. Believe me, I wouldn't live here if you gave me the place. How are the Athletics making out?"

It was learned that the "City of Los Angeles," a ferryboat out of commission, was rushing to their posi-

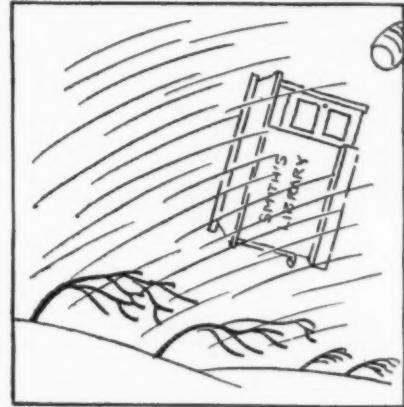
tion. "I'll do my best," said the "City of Los Angeles," when interviewed today.

Friends Pray For Rescue

"I hope they don't find them for weeks," stated a Mr. P. Webb, a close friend of the Peebles. "It will be O K with me if they stay out there forever." Several other people were heard to remark that it would be O K with them too, if they stayed out there, "and Mr. Webb with them." This last crack was from an editor.

Lesson in American Logic

Jones has just siphoned off a new batch of home brew. Brown samples the product, using as a stein a half-gallon aluminum dipper. He drains this dipper three times and pronounces the brew excellent. Shortly afterward Brown becomes violently ill, which proves conclusively to him that aluminum is poison.





SINBAD !
Good ole dog !



Temperance and Ignorance

COLONEL CALLAHAN, of Louisville, Ky., Secretary of the Association of Catholics favoring Prohibition, who issues, apparently at the cost of the Methodist Church, the Callahan Correspondence (typewritten), complains of the *Outlook* as being not so Dry as it should be, and also of LIFE for the same reason. He thinks LIFE is not suitably equipped to preach temperance. He says the only people he knows of who are doing temperance work are Prohibition people.

So in the main it may be. Many people who would naturally preach temperance may have been diverted from that work by the overwhelming necessity of fighting prohibition.

Colonel Callahan seems to us to know considerably less about the evils of prohibition than LIFE knows about

the evils of drink. LIFE has seen a good deal of the evils of drink and wants them abated, but the evils of prohibition are so much worse that they engross all effort. Colonel Callahan and his correspondence is like a man who talks about the state of his plumbing when his house is afire. He does not know what is going on, not even in his own state. He does not know the dealings of the Dry agents with the Kentucky mountaineers, who are too poor to buy off spies. It might be suggested in all kindness that a residence, not too long, in the Federal penal institution at Atlanta would be a useful and informing experience for Colonel Callahan, Bishop Cannon and others of their ilk, for at Atlanta they might get some notion of the results of their work.

THE prospects, however, of the Colonel getting into jail are not bright, nor is there much basis that he will ever attain to understanding of the reasons why it was such a monstrous mischief to put the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution.

THE big job, immediate and prospective, in this world and this country, seems to be to feed the

hungry, and the preferred method of doing that is to provide work and wages for the unemployed. Of course, that is the best way. But meanwhile there are thousands and perhaps millions who cannot wait and who must be tided over. The organized societies, as a rule, handle relief money well and know what is best to do with it. Our local organizations in New York, such as the Charity Organization and the A. I. C. P., know their business and do it, and they are all calling for more funds. The big national and international jobs go to the Red Cross, but all these agencies must be financed in proportion to the needs of the times and probably in the end with the taxpayers' money. Nobody wants doles, but starving people are even more objectionable.

In some parts of the country there have been droughts and crops have been bad, so that even the farming population has not got food enough. But it is economics and not meteorology that is back of the big mass of unemployment. Most of the foodless go hungry as the result of circumstances which they could not at all control, being thrown out of jobs because the jobs shut down. Henry Ford, William Hearst and other observers agree that the trouble is that the distribution of purchasing power has not kept up with the production of commodities. Too much money has gone to the mill owners and the shareholders of corporations and not enough to the wage earners. For it is the wage earners who buy the goods, and when they cannot do it the goods remain unsold.

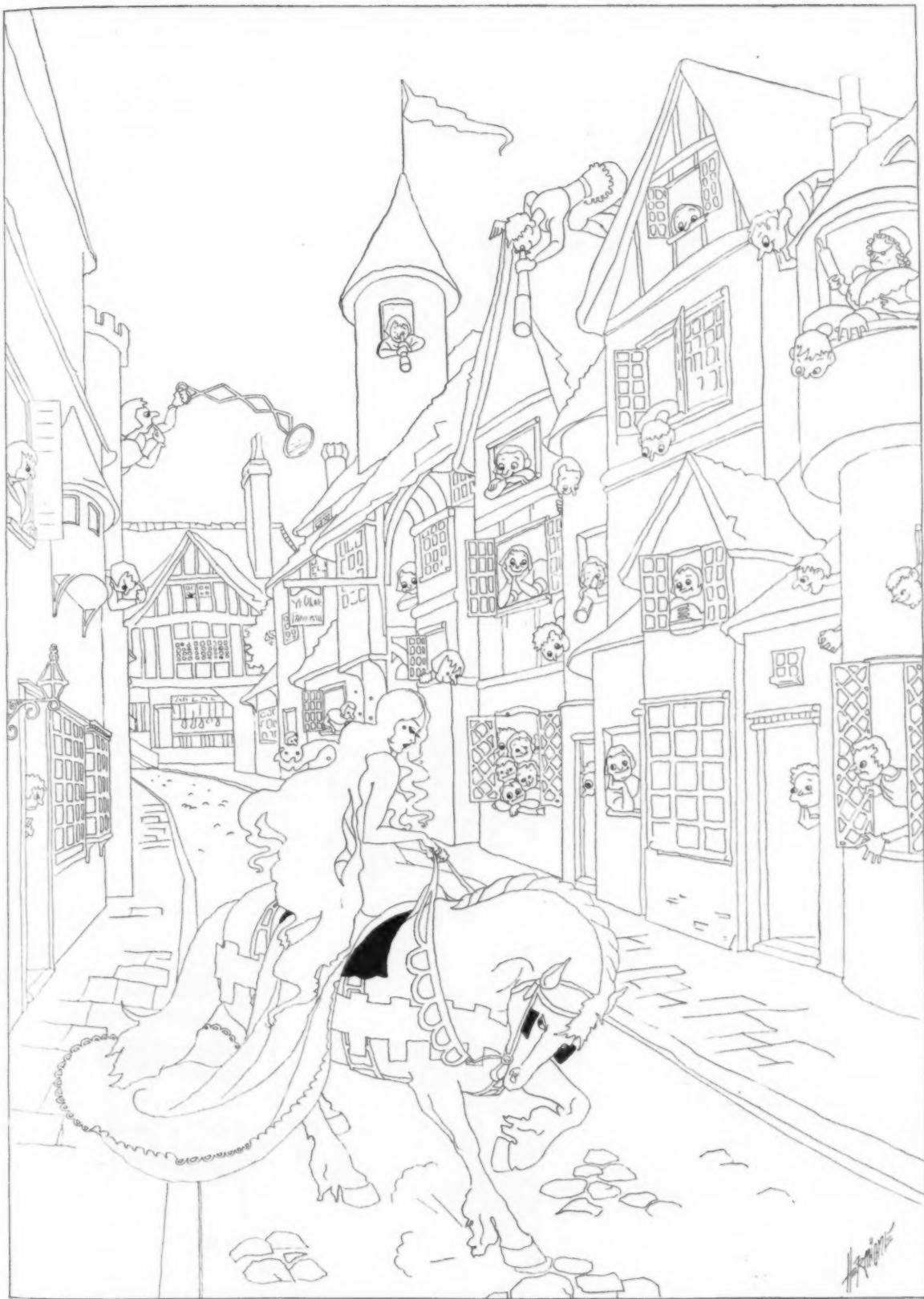


"Git up! It's five o'clock! Early to bed and early to rise—that's been my motto!"

ALL that seems to be true and it makes one laugh at the coercive force of human events. Here are eminent practitioners of money-making saying to their brethren—if you don't loosen up, pay more and save less, the fat will all be in the fire. If you can't sell, you must not manufacture; if you don't manufacture, you won't make money.

It is very curious. Old-fashioned economics seem to have quite blown up, and these new economics look rather bolshevik, for they insist upon better distribution and the bolsheviks look that way. Mr. Morrow says the times

(Continued on Page 26)



Origin of the expression "Hurrah for our side."



"Very sorry, sir, but I'm afraid I got into a crap game."

Songs of Winter

O, winter morns are sheer delight!
The sunrise on the snow
Breaks red and white—a lovely sight—
Or is it? I dunno.

What joy at dawn to trudge the dike
That runs down by the silo!
O, how we like a ten-mile hike!
Or do we? How should I know?

O, winter morns, as you have heard,
Are joy and beauty wed!
But here's one bird will take your word
For that and stay in bed.

—Asia Kagowan.

Let's All Duck

"The mallard duck," says a writer on outdoor life, "starts south in October and November and north in March and April." That's one advantage in being a mallard duck.

Good Gag

A bandit who robbed a Brooklyn barber shop, first tied and gagged the proprietor. You can't expect a busy bandit to stop and talk.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My dear Son:

I see the newspapers are mentioning you for All-American fullback. I wish you'd call that to the attention of some of your professors. As long as you have a chance, they might agree to let you stay till they see how it comes out.

It's mighty nice to have this football distinction in the family. Your brother Franklyn—the one with freckles, you know—went to college this fall. Franklyn has always been a care and for a long while we were afraid he was going to play the piccolo. Franklyn gave the matter a lot of thought, and finally selected one of those schools with the Pullman car names that play their football games on Fridays. He had to sit up at four junctions to get there.

I'd like to come on when you play the Army, but I've got to be here to start the brick plant on night turn when business returns to normal after election. It would be base ingratitude for any manufacturer to be off the job when the Republican National Committee has the resumption all arranged.

But I shall be with you in spirit and in the news-reels.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



The Scotch gag man who talked in his sleep.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

OCTOBER 15—All a-twitter this morning forasmuch as I had scarcely begun a long article which must be in the afternoon post when my typing ribbon did snap, and I could not put on a new one, nor could Samuel, nor Desmond O'Connell, nor the stationer's wife, nor Helen Garden, nor any of several others whom I did call upon in my frenzy, and it does serve me right for not learning my trade from the ground up, so now I am set upon taking lessons in the mysteries of the typing machine, for what would it avail a person capable of the sublimest composition (which God knows I am not) if his handwriting were illegible and he could not adjust a difficulty arising suddenly in mechanical recording? As Browning says, you cannot stand on tiptoe in a place you cannot stand in with two stable feet. So I was obliged to get from the storeroom a machine which had lain there for years, and to compose upon it was like going along a speedway in a 1911 Ford, and the look of the manuscript was so unsightly that I am certain Mr. Stark, when he beheld it, did think I must have transcribed it whilst in my cups. Marie Howland for tea, telling me that she had received a legacy of an ermine coat, very handsome, and that she was convinced scandal would arise from her possession of it, to say nought of her difficulties in keeping from looking like thirty thousand dollars on the outside and twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents underneath, but Lord! I do not see how a woman with such a garment can have any worries soever, since I do know well, as I have set down before, that a peace cometh from being well-dressed that religion can never bestow.

OCTOBER 16—The man in to fix my typewriter before any of the household was astir, as is always our fortune with electricians, expressmen, etc., so that I can but wonder who the lucky individuals are who receive them later in the day. Breakfast betimes, and then off to the shops to buy an ornamental skull cap which can be worn with evening raiment, for I do go almost nightly to the theatre now, and the problem of my coiffure has become a serious one, since I resent the constant

wearing of a net, nor do I wish another permanent wave for some time, and if Emilie does chance to marcel me before I have had my bath, I am afraid to wash my ears. Luncheon at a publick with Amy Enders, fresh from her French lesson, and telling me of her policy when uncertain in regard to the gender of a noun, which is to make all the attractive things feminine and the unpleasant things masculine. She did also tell me of some friends who have had one of their porches painted up as a backgammon board, whereon they do play by pushing large patent leather draughtsmen about with their feet, which I do regard as ingenuity in making an outdoor sport from an indoor one. Home to my chaise-longue, pondering this and that, and deciding that were I travelling in England, I should not make straightway for the ruins of

Cathedrals, after the manner of the ordinary tourist, but should go first to the inns, to discover what gentlemen from Scotland Yard were stopping thereat, for according to the mystery stories, the countryside is peppered with members of the C. I. D., and my interest would be always in a village's scandal rather than its history or architecture. Miss Potts from the journals to see me, confiding that yesterday she attended a luncheon given by some beauticians whereat a woman had appeared with only one-half of her face lifted, in order to show the before and after effects of the treatment, and I was at some pains to believe her, my faith in feminine vanity being so firmly grounded, and did suggest that through the nose was literally the method by which the poor wretch should be paid for such a sacrifice.



"Every cent he makes she puts on her back."



"Don't mind Junior, he only wants to see the comics!"

Commercial Prophets

(With a bow to W. S. Gilbert)

When the enterprising barber starts a-messing
With the lather in his sanitary cup,
You undoubtedly will find the fellow guessing
When the current business dullness will pick up.
When the bootblack starts his energetic shining
He assumes the smug complacence of a seer
And proceeds at once with diligent divining
Re: the market through the balance of the year.

When the painter pauses in the midst of painting,
When the subway guard proceeds to slam his gates,
When the pugilistic champ is deftly feinting,
When your dentist toys with bridgework and with plates,
They have cure-alls for our mercantile affliction,
They are super Roger Babsons on a spree,
They are quick with astrological prediction,
They've reduced it all to simple A B C.

When the janitor his furnaces is stoking,
When the soda clerk is mixing lemonade,
When the traffic cop his faithful steed is stroking,
They prognosticate the future of our trade.
They talk knowingly and flowingly and quickly
Of consumption and production and demand,
So why worry if your balance sheet is sickly?—
They have got the situation well in hand!

—A. L. L.

(12)

The Sun Also Rises

With elaborate ceremony a poetess in Los Angeles married the sun. We can almost hear a wise-cracker in the back row whispering: "She won't need to worry about his staying out nights."

Nurtures Reward

A cat in Erie, Pa., is nursing six white mice. She evidently anticipates a hard winter.

Political Fiddling

"Governor Roosevelt called fit as a fiddle by physicians," says the New York Times. We have noticed the Tammany chiefs are trying to play on him while the issues burn.

And Then Trampled

About 150 cowboys and cowgirls visited New York recently to ride bronchos and wrestle steers in the Madison Square Garden rodeo. All had a fine time except one who was thrown and gored by a subway guard.



The college "four letter" man.



HEN: *There goes the guy I'm laying for.*

Turn Right—Pick Up Two Quarts

A map showing 397 speakeasies in Washington has been published by the Crusaders. We anxiously await the endorsement of the American Automobile Association.

Popularity

"What ails that fellow over there?"
"Someone just mistook him for Rudy Vallée."
"No, I'm referring to the one who's so downcast."
"That's the one I mean."

Love

Maurice Chevalier says, "I see that a Chicago couple quarreled over the pronunciation of my name until they got a divorce. I suppose that must be fame."

Nope. That's not fame. That's marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gunn, of Tiffin, who are now in California, were notified a son was born in Chicago.

Any comments, Mr. Mallory?

—Auburn (Ind.) Dispatch.

How to Get a Mole Out of a Lawn

Wise up mole on begging racket. Mole will get tin cup. Will carry "I am blind" sign. Sell shoe laces. Clean up big money. Move to pent house.

Start miniature golf course on lawn over mole. Mole will be disturbed. Will lose sleep. Be annoyed by bad language. Go away. Make hazards for new course in flower bed.

Modernize mole's home. Install furniture with sharp angles. Mole will stumble over same in dark. Will bruise skin. Be disgusted. Depart for old-fashioned meadow. Buy antiques.

Call mole notorious member of underworld. Mole will be alarmed. Will fear self will be put on spot. Will come out into open. Go straight. Become respectable animal.

Call in beauty doctor for mole. Doctor will do stuff. Will use electric needle on mole. Mole will vanish.

Obtain reliable steam shovel. Place on lawn over mole. Start machinery. No further trouble from mole.

—W. W. Scott.



The football center starts work in a shoe store.

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

JOHN J. RASKOB knows his Bible. And he knows that old saw about the "devil quotes scripture to his purpose." So you can't bother him by quoting that one about "No man can serve two masters"—meaning that he cannot be the guiding spirit of the Wets and the Democratic Party at the same time. For he can—and did.

Mr. Raskob hasn't been a Democrat very long—as the Hoovercrats pointed out with some vigor back in 1928 when they were sinking Al Smith. So one might suspect that this dual loyalty in the last campaign might have led quite a few Democrats to criticise him. He was fighting for Democrats everywhere, and he was fighting for Wets everywhere through the two big organizations he has such an important function in directing.

But one may search through the *Literary Digest* quotations from newspapers' editorials and interviews in vain to find any Democrat or any Wet attacking him.

Of course it might be very easy to say that the answer to Mr. Raskob's success in violating the old rule about not serving two masters is that the masters are really the same. Or that the Democratic Party is the Wet Party. There is considerable truth in this so far as the candidates in the November 4 election were concerned.

For the only Wet Republican candidate to fight against a Dry in all the 435 congressional districts of this country was not opposed by a Democrat at all, but by a Farmer Laborite. The Republican was Pittenger, up in the Duluth district. Mr. Raskob's wet organization helped him. So did the Republican Congressional Committee. That was the only joining of hands by Mr. Raskob and the Republicans in the battle for control of the House.

And the only Wet Republican candidate for senator to be opposed by a Dry Democrat was in Montana. It happened here that Mr. Raskob was a close personal friend and admirer of Senator Walsh. Here he really came pretty close to serving two masters whose interests really clashed. For he gave money to Walsh's campaign, personally, while one of his bright young men in the Wet organization wrote

advertisements intended to help Judge Galen, Walsh's opponent. And the ads were paid for by the Wet organization.

This is written before the election. By the time it is printed it will be known whether Mr. Raskob's right hand or his left won this particular encounter.

But with only one Wet Republican running against a Dry for the House, and that Dry not a Democrat, and with only one Dry Democratic senator in danger from a Wet, Mr. Raskob had a real break of luck. For there is not nearly the unanimity of wetness among the Democrats as a whole, nor the unanimity of Dryness among the Republicans as a whole, which these facts would seem to indicate. Both parties are badly split, and will probably so continue.

For instance, Wet Democrats are claiming they will have a majority in the next Democratic convention—enough to write a wet plank. It is interesting to go over their figures. They make up a majority without a single Southern State! Or a border state save Oklahoma! They count 536 delegates by adding up the following:

Connecticut	14	New York	90
Delaware	6	Ohio	48
Illinois	58	Pennsylvania	76
Iowa	26	Rhode Island	10
Maryland	16	Washington	14
Massachusetts	36	Wisconsin	36
Michigan	30	Montana	8
Nevada	6	Oklahoma	20
New Jersey	28		
New Hampshire	8	Wyoming	6

There are plenty of holes in these figures. For instance, the larger delegations are not bound by the unit rule, although their state conventions might so instruct them. But the leaders recognize without argument that at least twelve states which now have Democratic governors and two Democratic senators each are dry.

Division of the Republican Wets and Drys is not nearly so much on geographical lines. It rises to plague would-be pussyfooting leaders in at least half the states.

All of which would seem to indicate that Mr. Raskob had considerable luck in that his wet organization only had to help one Republican candidate for the House, and one for the Senate, and had to oppose actually only one Democratic candidate for either House.



"Pst! What did you do with that bottle?"

Imaginary Interviews

Bishop Cannon.

Bishop Cannon had just returned from his South American trip when I arrived to interview him. He was busy working at his desk, apparently preparing a sermon, when I entered.

"Good afternoon, sir," I said courteously.

The Bishop put aside the Wall Street Journal and rose to greet me.

"Good afternoon," he said.

I sat down on a gesture of his.

"Bishop Cannon," I said, "the current religious journals are filled with speculations—"

The Bishop appeared interested.

"Speculations?" he said. "Well, what have you to offer?"

I didn't know how to answer that.

"What I was going to say," I continued, "was that people are wondering just what place religion has in modern life. Only an American can—"

"American Can!" said Bishop Can-



"Oh, St. Peter, I must tell you about my unsuccessful operation!"

non excitedly. "I can't begin to tell you how much I lost on that."

For the life of me I couldn't see what the eminent clergyman meant.

"Only an American can see clearly that the spiritual things are losing their significance. Forgotten and out of place are papal bulls. All—"

There was an angry look on Bishop Cannon's face.

"It's the bulls," he said, "that are responsible for the break!"

"But," I protested, "I meant that only figuratively, Bishop Cannon. Why there are no papal bulls to speak of any more, are there? And the break in morals is only recent."

The Bishop looked at me a little patronizingly, I thought. I realized then that my lack of knowledge of theological matters was making me appear foolish. It takes a theologian to cross swords with another theologian.

I made one more attempt. "Do you take any stock in the proposition—"

"Come, young man," said the famous divine with some impatience, "maybe I will. Just what is your proposition?"

"—the proposition that personal liberty should be curbed—"

"Personal liberty? I never heard of that stock. You say it's on the curb?"

I sighed at my own inability to speak clearly. "Perhaps," I replied, arising to go, "the bottom has dropped out of it anyway."

—A. S.



"Say, who's been eatin' onions?"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

WHATEVER Shakespeare's debt to Italian legend and the old chronicles, his posthumous obligation to Jane Cowl outstrips it. It has been the fashion lately for our citizenry to belittle the Bard, regardless of what they learned at their English teacher's knee and the pronouncements of great thinkers who, tossing the Bible into limbo, have still attested their faith in the First Folio. This disrespect has been largely due to the creaking stodginess of Shakespearean production, from the amateurish efforts of undergraduates to the exhibitionism of stage stars with the delusion that the plays contained nothing but their own rôles. Miss Cowl humanizes the old manuscripts, and we come away from her delightful production of "Twelfth Night" not only with the British officer's pleasant reflection that the piece was full of quotations, but with a strengthened conviction that Shakespeare knew much about life and the emotions, and managed to set it down on paper more effectively than any of his successors. Those severe observers who protest that Miss Cowl plays Viola

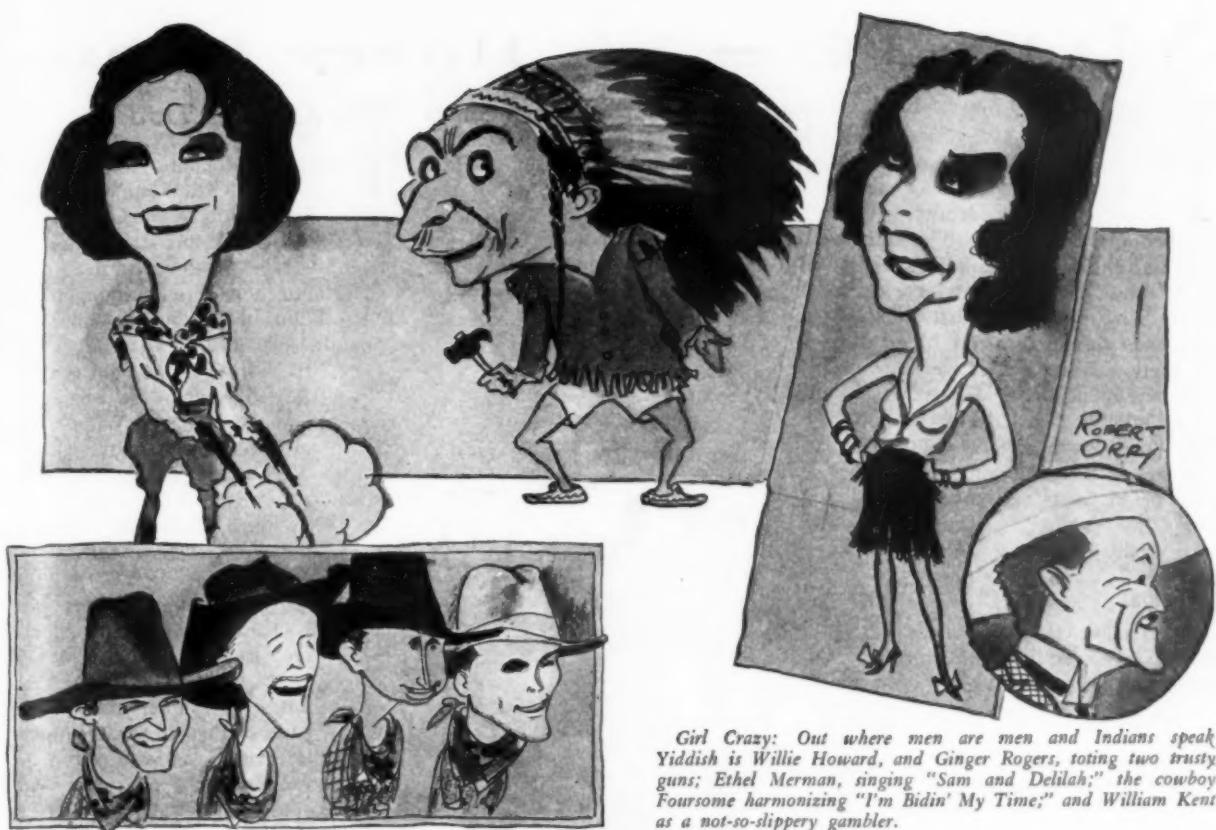
in only one dimension are paying her a big compliment, because the attempt to play Shakespearean parts in several dimensions has brought little to the theatre beyond the adjective "ham."

The staging of this "Twelfth Night" is simple and charming. The sets are changed merely by turning the pages of a gigantic book on which they are painted. Even the clowning is inoffensive. (When you consider, by the way, what the Elizabethans laughed at, our own reaction to cheese, Brooklyn, and mothers-in-law seems almost lofty-templed). The period music, wafted perfume from an upper box because of the Duke's remarks and the Fool's lovely songs, is as painful as usual, but I don't know whether an orchestra which sounds as if it might break down any minute is any worse than our own jazz bands which sound as if they are never going to stop. Viola is the third Shakespearean heroine which Miss Cowl has brought to life, and for her charming performance she deserves a large bouquet—one featuring some rosemary, for remembrance.

THE first half-hour of "Girl-Crazy" sounds like a big night at a college musical show. There is nothing to indicate that George Gershwin has come within a mile of the score, and brother Ira's lyrical contributions, so obvious and so over-rated, are not sufficiently startling to cause any ear-cupping. Just when you have made up your mind that you are in the wrong theatre, a little girl, Ethel Merman by name, strolls casually in singing about Sam and Delilah, the band goes deliriously Democratic (recalling that exciting day when the "Rhapsody in Blue" records came out), and "Girl-Crazy" becomes what it is, a good show. Miss Merman's other big number, "I Got Rhythm," puts her at the head of the class of those girls who chant in our odd, modern manner. The song which gave me the most pleasure was "But Not For Me," a wow which Willie Howard, feebly and sweetly assisted by Ginger Rogers, puts over with some swell parody work. The action takes place on a Western ranch converted into a dude hostelry by an exiled metropolitan playboy, so the juxtaposition



Miss Jane Cowl, Mr. Leon Quartermaine and a brilliant cast literally step out of the pages of "Twelfth Night" in the delightful production of Messrs. Macgowan and Reed.



Girl Crazy: Out where men are men and Indians speak Yiddish is Willie Howard, and Ginger Rogers, toting two trusty guns; Ethel Merman, singing "Sam and Delilah;" the cowboy Foursome harmonizing "I'm Bidin' My Time;" and William Kent as a not-so-slippery gambler.

of cowboys and chorus girls is sufficiently plausible for the purpose of musical comedy. A brief expedition into Mexico caused me to fear the worst, which for me is Spanish dancing, but I sat through the DeMarco's version of it without irritation, thereby breaking a lifelong record, and the Spanish government will make a grave error if it does not commission George Gershwin to write all of its nation's music in the future. "Girl-Crazy" is well mounted, the costumes are a credit to their designers, and Willie Howard makes everybody laugh out loud frequently enough to justify the price of the tickets.

THERE is an artificiality about "London Calling" which automatically stops its serious consideration as a play. It starts off with an improbable situation, which is much worse than an impossible one, and as the action rolls along the improbabilities multiply. It is about two brothers who have never seen each other, one having lived in America with his mother, the other in England with his father. Ridiculous as such a major premise is, it affords an opportunity for a lot of lively trans-Atlantic talk, and

Geoffrey Kerr has made the most of it. Although "London Calling" would not last five minutes in Professor Baker's class room on the points of theme and structure, it kept a first night audience well amused, and I am willing to recommend it as a pleasant and harmless evening's entertainment. The flippancies arising from the differences between the English and American temperaments and scenes provoke their accustomed mirth, but I doubt if they would go so well without Dallas Welford in the cast. Mr. Welford is that old-timer with a strong resemblance to Queen Victoria and a face which has literally been his fortune. I would gladly go to see him, on a wet night and in my best white chiffon, if he announced reading from the Congressional Record or the works of Waldo Frank. He plays the valet to Mr. Kerr's young Britisher, and when he ascribed their delayed arrival to having been lost on an island shortly after landing and is asked if it was Long Island, he responds, "Interminable."

THE best thing that can be said about "Canaries Sometimes Sing" is that there are no servants and no shooting in it. I had to think a long time

to dig up that negative compliment, because when a man has written as consistently amusing comedies as Frederick Lonsdale, it is ungrateful to challenge him too severely for his first false step. Having read in the papers that he had incorporated a new scene by telephone from London at tremendous expense to Mr. Dillingham, I was tortured throughout the opening performance with its identification. But I had a strange feeling, from the moment that Robert Loraine used "like" as a conjunction twice in his address to the canary, that all would not be well. And it wasn't. Drawing-room and country-house stuff, as usual, centering around two mismatched pairs, and playing up the dimwittedness of a *poseuse* who left the stage in a huff well before the final curtain and never came back, thank God! Some of the dialogue had the old Lonsdale sparkle and was appropriately relished by the audience, but there were dreary patches. The acting was splendid. Ever since "And So To Bed" Yvonne Arnaud has been one of my favorite actresses, and I was pleased that Mr. Lonsdale entrusted some of his wittiest observations to her expert delivery.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Scotland Yard"

HERE is nothing so hard to put over convincingly as a story about mistaken identity. The idea behind "Scotland Yard" requires particularly intelligent handling as it is one of those tales about a wife who is deceived into believing that another man is her former husband. Had the plot been laid in America we could readily digest the idea—but the locale is dear old England, where a wife cannot explain her indiscretions of the night before with two other fellows by saying, "All the time, dear, I thought they were you . . . you know how the liquor is nowadays."

Nevertheless, the story is told interestingly and more convincingly than would seem possible, which is a tribute to director William K. Howard and an excellent cast headed by Edmund Lowe and Joan Bennett. There are a few scenes in which the action seems to lag, but this appears to be due to Mr. Howard's commendable effort to adopt the technique of the stage to the screen . . . and here we find another of the many differences between the two mediums. On the stage the actors may allow lapses of time between bits of conversation; a perfectly natural procedure and valuable in creating suspense. On the screen these pauses are more apt to create tension. Perhaps it is the talkie machinery buzzing in the background. Whatever lack of pace results from the waits in "Scotland Yard" are more than compensated for by the general interesting movement of the story.

There is, however, one unforgivably asinine touch. The element that has proven most difficult to handle in the talkies is music, so producers should have sense enough to avoid introducing it except under the most favorable circumstances. The story of "Scotland Yard" builds up smoothly to an important and very interesting scene between Mr. Lowe and Miss Bennett, and then, just at the worst possible

moment, the unseen orchestra comes blundering in to divert your attention and spoil a fine piece of acting. When William Fox was booted out of the Fox Film Corporation it was understood that the new powers would get rid of the dead weight. They either

"The Santa Fe Trail"

THIS is a dramatic story of the days of the Old West, when men walked about boldly in the Great Open Spaces with their souls stripped of all pretense.

The hero, a handsome young man, loves a beautiful girl, but they are kept apart through misunderstanding until the last when the light of true love disperses the shadows, and the Man and Woman go off together toward the setting sun as the gathering twilight casts its veil of benediction over the purple hills. As the fellow says, "Love will find a way."

The featured players are Richard Arlen, Rosita Moreno, Eugene Pallette, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. They play their rôles well, parts of the film are genuinely exciting, and the picture is recommended to those who enjoy stories about the Old West when men walked about in the Great Open Spaces, their souls stripped of all pretense.

"Billy The Kid"

THIS is a dramatic story of the days of the Old West, when men walked about boldly in the Great Open Spaces with their souls stripped of all pretense.

The hero, a handsome young man, loves a beautiful girl, but they are kept apart through misunderstanding until the last when the light of true love disperses the shadows, and the Man and Woman go off together toward the setting sun as the gathering twilight casts its veil of benediction over the purple hills. As the fellow says, "Love will find a way."

The featured players are John Mack Brown, Kay Johnson, Noah Beery and Warner Richmond. They play their parts indifferently, the picture is never genuinely exciting and it is not recommended even to those who enjoy stories of the Old West, when men walked about boldly in the Great Open Spaces, their souls stripped of all pretense.



"Look! Rodin's Drinker!"

overlooked one of the dumb kibitzers, or else one of the incoming executives has already squeezed in a nitwit relative onto the payroll. The same thing happened in "Lilom." Perhaps it is just an old Fox custom.

Mr. Lowe deserves an added word of commendation for his interpretation of the dual rôle of a notorious criminal and an English gentleman. Donald Crisp and Lumsden Hare also give outstanding performances.

Recommended despite the damfool music.



"Babe Ruth has been walking in his sleep again!"

Songs of Winter

Give me an old Nor' Wester,
With hailstones by the peck,
A driving sleet, beneath my feet
The toss of an icy deck.

Put me aloft in the blizzard,
A-furling a frozen sail,
I'll bare with zest my manly chest
To the teeth of the icy gale.

This is the life for me, boys!
The life of a sailor, oh!—
I live it eke three times a week
In a good, warm picture show.

—W. W. H.

A Little Slam

"Life," says a doctor of philosophy,
"is like a game of contract bridge. If
one would make a million one must
bid a million."

Double.



"Darn it, if one o' me big brothers was littler, or one o' me little brothers was
bigger, maybe I'd get shoes 'round here that'd fit—almost!"

Great Minds at Work

I haven't a husband and I don't intend to get one. Women marry because they don't want to work. They are lazy and unambitious.

—Mary Garden.

I see no future for opera, and I don't think it has even a present.

—John Erskine.

One cannot expect anything of New York.

—Rev. Bishop Cannon.

A clean, new book, in its original wrappers, is always fascinating to me, provided I am interested in what is inside.

—George Matthew Adams.

People have given up listening to poetry.

—John Masefield.

Music isn't a luxury. It's a habit—like smoking or spitting.

—Percy Grainger.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 30

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Entertaining comedy of seduction in a speak-easy.
- ★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—Pulitzer prize play revealing the Scriptures as they seem to the old-fashioned darky.
- ★**LYSISTRATA.** *Forty-fourth Street.* \$5.50—Magnificent and bawdy production of the Aristophanes comedy in which the Greek women had a swell idea for ending war.
- ★**LADIES ALL.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—A gay Lothario at last meets his match in Westport.
- ★**DANCING PARTNER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An English bud falls for a taxidancer, who fortunately turns out to be a lord. Very slight but it has Henry Stephenson and an amusing scene in a dirigible.
- ★**TORCH SONG.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—The romance of a drummer and a Salvation Army lass, with a swell second act.
- ★**UP POPS THE DEVIL.** *Masque.* \$3.00—A Greenwich Village comedy which is full of laughs.
- ★**UP AND UP.** *Longacre.* \$3.00—Dull and noisy doing amongst the lower speak-easies and bookmakers.
- ★**THAT'S GRATITUDE.** *John Golden.* \$4.40—Frank Craven in an excellent small town comedy by Frank Craven. Don't miss it.
- ★**FRANKIE AND JOHNIE.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Police interference didn't seem to help this one.
- ★**ONCE IN A LIFETIME.** *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A superb satire on the motion picture industry. Best thing in town.
- ★**GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.** *Harris.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Boisterous comedy of three ex-chorines making hay while the sun shines.
- ★**ONE, TWO, THREE.** *Henry Miller's.* \$4.40—Two amusing skits by Molnar, with Ruth Gordon and Arthur Byron.
- ★**BAD GIRL.** *Hudson.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Moving dramatization of Vina Delmar's book, with one highly unnecessary scene.
- ★**MRS. MOONLIGHT.** *Charles Hopkins.* \$4.40—Whimsical adventures of a lady who stays at 28 years for 3 generations.
- ★**SOLID SOUTH.** *Lyceum.* \$3.85—Aiming to debunk the traditions of the Old South with Richard Bennett. Fun.
- ★**BLIND MICE.** *Times Square.* \$3.00—All-feminine cast showing the inner workings of a girl's club on a Saturday night when the boarders are up and doing.
- ★**HIS MAJESTY'S CAR.** *Barrymore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Adapted by the Hattons—which is a recommendation—from the Hungarian—with Miriam Hopkins.
- ★**PAGAN LADY.** *48th Street.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Lenore Ulric returns to Broadway in a not so good show but you can watch her sinuous luring.

- ★**SISTERS OF THE CHORUS.** *Ritz.* \$3.00—A wise-cracking melodrama on perils of Broadway. Pretty thin.
- ★**SWEET STRANGER.** *Cort.* \$4.40—Low farce of Wall Street and a millionaire as they were described in dime novels.
- ★**THIS ONE MAN.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Muni as a gangster in a strange, effective, uncanny melodrama—of split personalities.

- ★**GIRL CRAZY.** *Alvin.* \$5.50—Another hit arrives—Doings on a dude ranch set to Gershwin music and with Willie Howard.
- ★**BLACKBIRDS OF 1930.** *Royale.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—If it proves as good as the last one—it shouldn't be missed.

Records

Columbia

"**IF I COULD BE WITH YOU ONE HOUR TONIGHT**"—Ruth Etting, more Ettingish than in recent records. A rhythm that she does best—and a tune that she aids greatly by characteristic embellishments. and "**BODY AND SOUL**" (Three's A Crowd)—Miss Etting again. The other side is more pleasing.

"**IT SEEMS TO BE SPRING**" (Movie—Let's Go Native) and

"**I LIKE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT**"—Vocal duets by Joe and Dan Mooney, The Sunshine Boys. Close harmony in an intimate manner that is quite delightful. We wonder why the first tune hasn't been used more.

"**SING SOMETHING SIMPLE**" (The Second Little Show)—Fred Rich and His Orchestra playing a number that is built around a simple major scale, and

"**IF I'D ONLY LISTENED TO YOU**"—The same orchestra getting some melodious effects with a tune that is fairly attractive. The lyrics are awful.

Brunswick

"**SING**" (Movie—Dough Boys)—Tom Guerin and His Orchestra in an animated, entertaining version that is not entirely spoiled by the vocalist who says to 'Sig, A Happy Little Thig'. and

"**WASTING MY LOVE ON YOU**"—Same bunch on an unusual tune that is full of modulations, minors, and possibilities.

Victor

"**I DON'T MIND WALKING IN THE RAIN**"—Bix Beiderbecke and His Orchestra. A performance that has rhythm, melody and variety. You'll like the other side too which is

"**I'LL BE A FRIEND WITH PLEASURE**"—Fine sustained work throughout—with a featured clarinet that should make your toes turn up. Recommended.

"**LOVE IS LIKE A SONG**" and

"**SAY 'OUI' CHERIE**"—Leo Reisman and His Orchestra putting over two numbers from Movie—What A Widow. Distinctive double piano work—and violins also used to tuneful advantage.

Sheet Music

- "**Embraceable You**,"
- "**Delilah and Sam**" and
- "**I've Got Rhythm**" (*Girl Crazy*.)
- "**I Am Only The Words, You Are The Melody**" and
- "**There's Something About An Old Fashioned Girl**" (Movie—Just Imagine).
- "**Your Smiles, Your Tears**" and
- "**My First Love—My Last Love**" (*Nina Rosa*)
- "**If I Knew You Better**" and
- "**Readin', Ritin', Rhythm**" (Movie—Heads Up.)

(Continued on Page 30)



Evelyn Herbert in "Princess Charming."

The Family Album



Rembrandt



Van Dyck



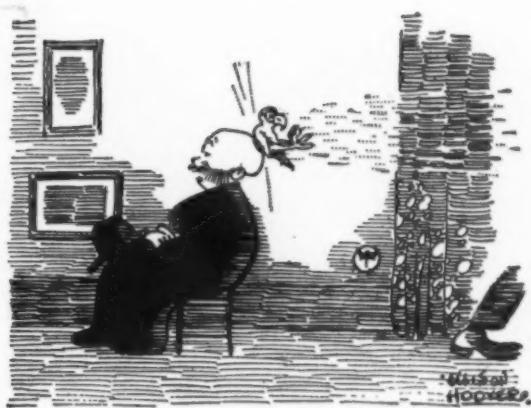
Millet



Michel Angelo



Hals



Whistler

Reprinted from LIFE, March 4, 1920

If the old masters had drawn for the Sunday papers.

Our Foolish Contemporaries



HOSTESS OF SUPER-PICNIC: *This always makes me realize what our poor soldiers went through.*

—Punch (by permission).

WIFE (to sax-playing husband): If you don't stop playing that thing I'll go crazy.

HUSBAND: You're crazy already. I stopped half an hour ago.

—Cornell Widow.

LITTLE MACDONALD (to butcher): Give me ten cents worth of dog meat, and be sure it's fresh, for the last time you gave it to me father got sick.

—Pathfinder.

At a fancy-dress dance for children a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit any adult.

An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied the policeman, "but I can't let anyone in but children."

"But my child is in there as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and has forgotten her wings!"

"Can't help it," replied the policeman, "orders is orders. You'll have to let her represent a caterpillar!"

—Tit-Bits.

GOLFER (to members ahead): Pardon, but would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill.

—Dublin Opinion.

WINNIE: Funny you should fall in love with a man ten years older than yourself.

WINIFRED: He isn't. We didn't begin to live till we knew each other, so, of course, we're exactly the same age.

—Answers.

"Are you married?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that's a lucky thing for your wife."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

FOREMAN: Send in young Clancy. I saw him smoking on a load of powder a while ago, and I'm going to fire him.

RAFFERTY: Well, sorr, here's part of his hat.

—The Outspan.

"Whatever happened to Ringer College's star fullback?"

"He left college. The alumni failed to pay the last instalment on him, and his family took him away."

—Boston Beanpot.

"How are you getting on now you are married?"

"Oh, life is very different."

"How is that?"

"Before marriage she listened while I talked, during the honeymoon she talked and I listened, and now we both talk and the neighbors listen."

—Hummel, Hamburg.

PRISON GOVERNOR: You say you have a complaint to make? Well, what is it?

CONVICT: There ain't enough exits, sir.

—Tit-Bits.

Betty was in a very thoughtful mood when her mother announced that tea was nearly ready.

"What are you thinking about, child?" she asked, noticing the serious expression.

"Mummy," said Betty, "when I get married, will it be to a man like Daddy?"

"Of course, darling."

Her daughter frowned at this.

"But if I don't get married, shall I be like Auntie, then?"

"Yes, dear, you will."

The little girl sighed wearily.

"My stars," she murmured, "what a fix."

—Pearson's.

GOVERNOR OF GAOL: Why did you attack the warden?

PRISONER: I wanted to make my diary more interesting.

—Smith's Weekly, Sydney.



"Yes, this is the kind of wood I want. I'll take that one."

—Bystander.



A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, by A. Edward Newton, intrepid book collector. *Little Brown & Co.*, \$3.50. Guyas Williams does the witty pictures. Most amusing travel book, in modernistic vein of *Innocents Abroad*. Immersed in utterances of distinguished (but not extinguished) dead, mostly British literati (in particular Sam Johnson), Newton kids himself and Scandinavia, Egypt, Rome and other map celebrities.

SWIFT, by Carl Van Doren. *Viking Press*, \$3. Here is a chance to learn what satire really is (if anybody wishes to) from a graceful and painstaking study of the author of *Gulliver* and *Tale of a Tub*. Good prose here; more than a biography; not to be skimmed nor indeed devoured: not swift, but Swift, irascible, violent, human, an amazing old crab. "He fell like a tower," writes Carl. And children are still drawn to *Gulliver* as a story, therein showing its real greatness.

THE GUN CLUB COOK BOOK, by Charles Browne, with funny drawings by Leonard Holton. *Chas. Scribner's Sons*, \$3. At last a cook book with a sense of humor, and more remarkable still, by a former mayor (Trenton, N. J.) and congressman. Gorgeous gastronomy, real recipes, marvellous menus not (Alas!) for breadliners.

A MARRIAGE TO INDIA, by Frieda Hauswirth (F. H. Daus). *Vanguard*, \$3. An American girl, marrying a high caste Hindu, here relates her transplanted life, revealing India (now being revealed by so many other volumes) from a personal point of view; easy and delightful reading, a good contrast to DISILLUSIONED INDIA, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (*Dutton*, \$2.50) also just out.

THE FOOL IN THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy. *Doubleday Doran & Co.*, \$2. The gifted author of *The Constant Nymph* (still warmly recalled) here continues the Sanger characters in the story of two prodigal sons and two prodigal daughters. Continental complications, musical and love mix-up. Lively action with what might be a better ending. But maybe it couldn't be any other way.

—Thomas L. Masson.

Slip away to the SUNSHINE PORTS

• In Sicily, Etna belches smoke. In Jerusalem, the faithful wail at the Wall. In Dubrovnik, shops dazzle with embroideries and armor. Next winter, slip away from humdrum to this 73-day epic... new experiences, new faces. The Empress of France and her yacht-like appointments bring service, cuisine, and luxuries on the New York-Paris scale. Hers, moreover, is the cruise with the "5th Ace." Canadian Pacific's famous one management, ship and shore. 8th season. Ask at once for booklets, ship plans, from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office in 35 cities of the United States and Canada.

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NAPLES
Fish . . . lava

VENICE
Songs . . . mosaics

ATHENS
Sunset, Parthenon

STAMBOUL
Cisterns.. legends

PALESTINE
Herod's Wall....

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Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *mailed* with a *c* and get a doctor's business.
- (2) Scramble *throne* with an *a* and get something to follow a drink.
- (3) Scramble *limped* with an *s* and get some cute places.
- (4) Scramble *beating* with an *l* and get solid.
- (5) Scramble *bride* with an *s* and get some ruins.

(Answers on Page 28)

"I'm sure you will like Jack," said the oldest daughter, just home from college. "He's a fine young man."

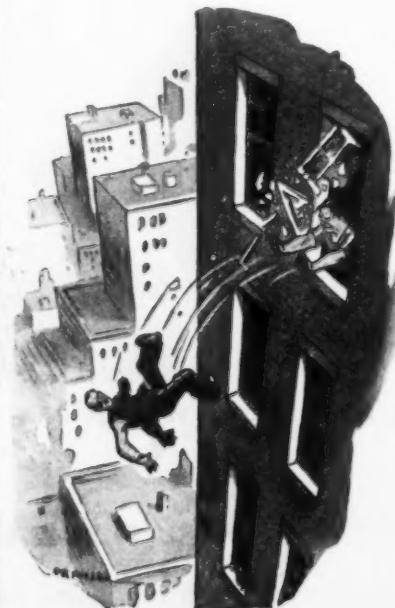
"Has he got any property?" demanded her father.

"Oh, you men are so curious," sighed the girl. "Jack asked the same thing about you."

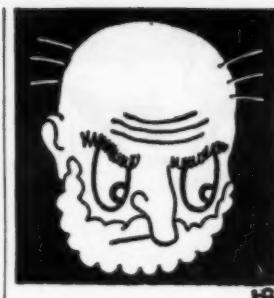
—Boston Transcript.

"Sandow could tear four packs of cards in two at a time," says Ripley. It is a pity Sandow never missed a two-foot putt. It would have been exciting to see him break a bag of twelve clubs across his knee.

—D. A. C. News.



"I oughta get a divorce for this!"



HOW ARE YOUR BATH- ROOM MANNERS?

Without doubt, countless men in this large and harassed country have impeccable bathroom manners. When bathing, they do not make loud unseemly noises. When shaving, they do not utter the pitiful little animal moans which indicate extreme suffering.

The chances are ten to one that a good share of this well-mannered gentry shave with the Enders razor. When you use the little thing you do not struggle nor cry out. It zips so pleasantly through the whiskers that a satin-smooth path of clean-shaven skin is left in its wake, instead of awful curses. It fits into the finger-tips like a babe in its mother's arms, and manipulates with the greatest docility. And aren't its blades sharp, though!

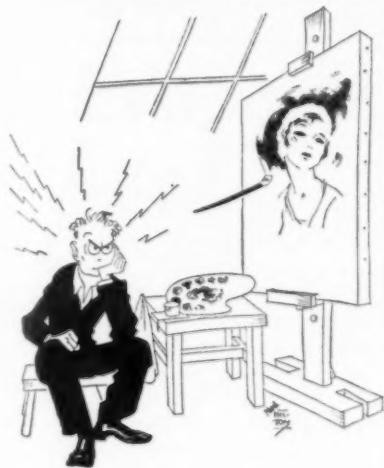
If your bathroom manners need improvement, do not "Send now for this Big Free Etiquette Book." Instead, swap a dollar for an Enders Razor and six super-keen blades. Then, Junior will never say a bad word and excuse himself with, "Well, papa said it in the bathroom." Enders Razor Co., 105 West 40th St., New York City.

Enders

RAZOR



Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 60



His mind painted her in glowing colors.

Mrs. F. F. Russell,
Cragmor,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

For explanation: This artist executes his brushwork with thought.

A. L. Hawes,
333 East 52nd St.,
New York City.

For explanation: Brushing up on a little memory work.

A. T. Thomas,
1127 Laguna St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

For explanation: A vivid imagination.

William H. Tornello,
156 21st Street,
Represa, Calif.

For explanation: Picture of an artistic mind at work.

The haggard-looking man got into conversation with the happy, carefree bachelor on their train journey to the North.

"Yes," said the former, "I'm the father of six daughters."

"Then you and your wife have six mouths to feed," replied the bachelor.

Haggard face shook his head.

"No; we have twelve," he returned. "They are all married."

—Answers.

HIS TRAVELS ARE ALL ON A TYPEWRITER . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a life of adventure he leads! Daily he projects the exploring craft of his mind into the far corners of the world. His brain seethes with the plots and counter-plots of buccaneers and pearl-poachers. His nimble fingers click off the daring hazards of great deeds. But his feet wouldn't know the difference between a "trek" and a trolley-ride.

Yet this writer, at ease in his study and a stranger to leg-work, has a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." It's an attack by an enemy he can't describe or dispose of. *He doesn't even know what it is.*

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. The United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults

suffer from it at some time." There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

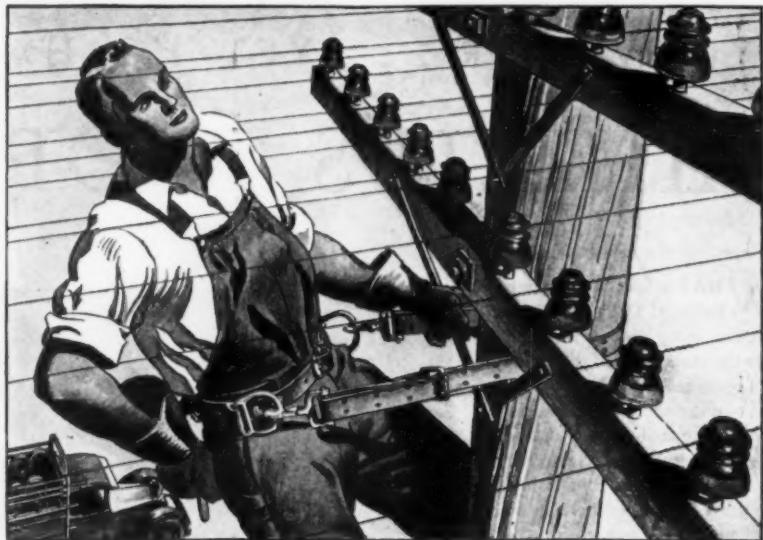
Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



*Also Relieves
SPRAINS AND STRAINS
Rubbed in, quickly soothes
pain; reduces inflammation and
prevents stiffness and lameness*

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS



The continent that became a neighborhood

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THROUGH slim wires etched against the sky . . . through cables laid in the earth under cities and fields . . . millions of Americans, miles or days' journeys apart, speak to each other as readily as though they stood face to face.

Over her telephone, a housewife in a Wisconsin town inquires about a dress pattern from a friend who lives nearby. Over his telephone, a business man in Philadelphia talks to another in Denver. Over her telephone, a mother in Kansas asks her son at college fifty miles away if he will come home for the week-end. Over his telephone, a cabinet member in Washington gives instructions to an assistant in Seattle. Regardless of distance and the complexity of modern living, they talk directly and immediately with any one, anywhere, at any time they choose.

The function of the Bell Telephone System is the vital

one of making it possible to maintain social and business contacts in cities that contain many times more people than this nation once boasted . . . in a neighborhood which the Census reports to hold 127 million people.

Year after year from its beginning, the Bell System has increased its facilities, its personnel and its usefulness. Looking ahead and planning for the future, it has forwarded the growth of this nation by meeting its communication needs fully and economically. Today it overcomes the hindrances of distance and time . . . and unifies a civilization geared to the habit of instantaneous communication. Because it serves all who call on it, by enriching their lives and helping to make their enterprises more successful, the telephone plays an increasingly useful part in the every-day activities of the American people.



We read of people sun-bathing well within the Arctic Circle. The region, of course, offers unrivalled facilities for midnight sun-bathing. —Punch.

Relieves Dandruff . . .
Keeps Hair Neat . . .
No Undesirable Shine



LIFE expects to publish its usual DOG CALENDAR this year, at the usual price of one dollar a copy, to be ready about the middle of November. When preparing your holiday list, don't forget the DOG CALENDAR; it always makes such an acceptable gift!

Orders entered now will be filled as soon as published.

Life Looks About

(Continued from Page 8)

are bad, but they will be better in due time, and of course they will. We will come out of this mess somewhere, somehow, but just who will get off and where, looks a little uncertain. People cannot spend money they have not got buying goods they don't want.

SPENDING money to provide employment is one thing; spending money to finance graft and wastefulness is another. The City of New York appropriated a million dollars the other day to help the hungry. All right! But the city itself also needs help, not because it is hungry, but because it abounds in graft and useless extravagance. Its budget is over six hundred millions a year and very rapidly increasing. It ought to hire a competent manager. Mayor Walker has admitted that he is tired of the job of trying to run it. Its judicial scandals are getting a good deal of notice, and efforts are more or less earnestly proceeding to clean them up. But its administrative wastes are enormous, not only because of graft but because the city has outgrown its administrative machinery. The leaks and wastes are far too numerous for mention here, but the city, county and borough departments overlap, and waste big money in that way and quite needlessly.

Nevertheless, if there is one thing we raise just now in this country it is men competent to direct large business operations. It should be possible to employ such a man to run New York, and, in spite of politics, some of us who are not too old may see it done.

—E. S. Martin.



THEY'RE always so new and so young, our Longchamps vegetables, and so deliciously prepared by chefs whose flair for seasoning is no less than marvelous.

423 MADISON AVENUE, Bet. 48th and 49th Streets
1015-17 MADISON AVENUE, Bet. 75th and 79th Streets
19-21 WEST 57th STREET, Near Fifth Avenue
40 EAST 49th STREET, Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Avenues
55 FIFTH AVENUE, North-east Corner 12th Street
26 WEST 50th STREET, Off Fifth Avenue

All Restaurants Longchamps are open daily including Sundays and all Holidays for Breakfast, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea and Dinner from 7:00 A. M. to 11 P. M.



for
sheer
enjoyment

THIS TRIP
TO OR FROM
CALIFORNIA

thru
**PANAMA
CANAL**
via
HAVANA

The fame of the Recreation Route is spreading rapidly. The idea of sailing 5,500 miles in 13 days aboard a new 33,000 ton turbo-electric liner has caught the fancy of the American people. Thousands now take this wonder trip annually. They call at gay Havana, the tourist's paradise—marvel at the immensity of the Panama Canal—see the sights in San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco. They find life on the steamer glorious... enjoy its wide decks, breeze-swept verandah cafe and open-air, built-in swimming pools.

For sheer enjoyment, this is the trip. Every moment is pleasure-packed... every hour brings new thrills. The *California*, *Virginia* and *Pennsylvania* are the largest, fastest, finest ships in coast-to-coast service.

For full information apply to
No. 1 Broadway, New York;
460 Market St., San Francisco;
our offices elsewhere or authorized
S. S. or R. R. agents.

**Panama Pacific
Line** ALL NEW STEAMERS
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Life in Society



Junior League Girl Wed

The former *Este'e Torso*, leaving the apse of Bergdorf-Goodman's following her marriage to George W. Ponsonby. The bride is a direct descendant of the Sleepy Hollow Cranes. After an extended honeymoon on the Continent, Mrs. Ponsonby will be put away in an old trunk in the attic.

Progress is reported on the new indoor tennis court which is being erected for Mrs. Edward L. Adams on her estate Foamwood, for the use of her son, Hungerford Adams. The refrigerator and brass rail should be ready by the middle of November in time for the Winter tournament.

George F. Barber's steam yacht Brisk, arrived in Newport harbor yesterday to close its Summer mooring.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pearson have returned to New York with a mouthful of rare accents after a visit with Sir Roland and Lady Williams-Coverly in England.

Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Clark G. Chandler of Glens Falls, N. Y., have disappeared for the Winter.

Mrs. Frank Sears, who returned to New York recently from Europe, is at the Hotel St. Moritz for the Winter because she forgot to visit Switzerland when she was over there.

William Mandell gave a lecture on the house cactus before the Short Hills Garden Club until they started sticking into him. —*Jack Cluett*.

Do you want a surprise?

No DOUBT, you've heard of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. You know it's free from the harmful effects of caffeine and will not disturb your sleep.

But you may have an idea that removing the caffeine steals some of the aroma—some of the wonderful flavor of the coffee.

But please forget any prejudice. Try the improved Kaffee Hag Coffee. You'll be surprised. This is real coffee. Each sip brings you every bit of the rich flavor and aroma of the world's finest coffees. You cannot tell it from the best coffee you ever tasted. But it will not keep you awake, disturb your nerves or digestion.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is now made by the Kellogg Company in a modern new plant in Battle Creek. It has been wonderfully improved and materially reduced in price.

Won't you try this more healthful delicious coffee? Your grocer has it—or we will send you a sample for 10 cents to cover mailing. Address Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Now a
Kellogg
product



A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it over WJZ and associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9:30 Mountain time. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.

Boy!
how
it is
IMITATED
IMITATED
IMITATED

(Use
Coupon
and
Discretion)



Imitators of Martini & Rossi Vermouth have done everything but show a photograph of the general manager's baby. But we do not resent so much the similar labels and names as we do the disappointment of users who, failing to examine bottle, wonder why they are not getting the famous, soul-lifting Martini & Rossi flavor and tang.

Be a Sherlock Holmes — spy out the exact spelling and the line "Sole Agents for United States, W. A. Taylor & Co., New York." Two kinds: Regular and Dry. All food shops.

About 30 Cocktail Recipes in Bridge Score Pad

This Book-Pad Collection is worth a dollar but is sent free. Famous recipes make it simple to get true "cocktail appeal." No variety of "ums" and "illas" needed. Remember the "Martini"—and send Coupon.

IMPORTED

Martini & Rossi Vermouth
(non-alcoholic)

W. A. Taylor & Co., 94 L Pine Street, New York City

Please send, free of charge, Combination Bridge Score Pad (Auction and Contract) containing Special Collection of World's Most Famous Cocktail Recipes and full directions—now revised and expanded.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DEALER'S NAME _____

Signs Of The Times

Bread Trucks.

What, for instance, are we to do about certain things? You may know. I don't.

The question was suggested by the red and yellow lettering on the side of a bread truck: "Bread Like Mother Baked." Doubtless you have seen it or a similar one. Years ago the sign was true, but today it is just a big old painted error that needs correcting.

We'll say it is good bread. We'll admit it is excellent bread. Then the sign should read: "Bread Like Grandmother Baked" or "Bread Like Mother's Cook Baked." Either one of those would fill the bill temporarily. The next generation could change them to "Bread Like Great-Grandmother Baked" or "Bread Like Grandmother's Cook Baked." The generation following that could have "Bread Like Great-Great-Grandmother Baked" or "Bread Like Great-Grandmother's Cook Baked."

You agree, don't you? I thought you would. The truth about it is "Bread Like Mother Baked" painted on the side of a bread truck means the truck is empty.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



"How quickly it got dark, John."
"Yes. We're passing under a truck."

Answers to Anagrams

On Page 24

- (1) Medical.
- (2) Another.
- (3) Dimples.
- (4) Tangible.
- (5) Debris.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

One editor declares it is "no crime to be rich." If it were, think of how many millionaires we should have—smart alecks breaking the law just to get the thrill of being a daredevil.

—Savannah News.



**blended
bristles**

make the new modernized

RUBBERSET

Trade Mark

a better Shaving Brush

RUBBERSET has created a new standard of speed and luxury in shaving... by perfecting a brush of imported Badger and Wild Boar hair, blended with the precision of a scientific formula.

These new RUBBERSET bristles, with their perfect balance of softness and firmness are set in that everlasting, vise-like grip of hard rubber which made the original RUBBERSET famous.

Introduce shaving luxury into your daily routine tomorrow... treat yourself to a new modernized RUBBERSET today. Or better still, buy several—one for home, another for the office and one for your traveling kit.

* * *

When you visit your dealer's to choose a new RUBBERSET, you'll find even further improvements in these remarkable brushes—Fresh and more striking colors—modern shapes of handles. Better to look at. Better to use because of the easy grip they afford.

Whether for yourself or as a gift to another, you'll find RUBBERSETS priced to your liking—somewhere from \$1.00 up. Be sure you see the name and trade mark RUBBERSET on the handle.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.
Selling Agents

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., N. Y.





CAMELOT

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

A GAME BY GEORGE B. PARKER

A radical change in games—a new fascination—an intelligent delight!

From out the glories of the past come forth again the Knights of CAMELOT to fight their fields once more! Two forces of knights and men confront each other in the center of the board.

Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge, and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

What noted game experts and authorities say of Camelot

"In Camelot Mr. Parker has originated a new and brilliant game of extraordinary fascination. Easily learned, its liveliness of action opens the field for adroitness and strategy of the highest type. Camelot is one of the few really great games."

MILTON C. WORK

"Camelot is a masterpiece in games! It is a new delight."

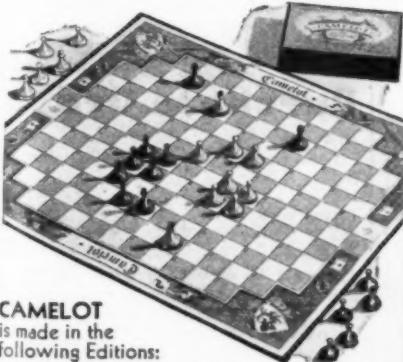
E. V. SHEPARD

"Unlike any other game in its unique atmosphere and charm. It has added another pleasure to life."

MRS. PRESCOTT WARREN

"Camelot is America's contribution to the world's great games."

ELIZABETH CLARKE BOYDEN



CAMELOT
is made in the
following Editions:

No. 96, Fine Edition, in rich binding....Price, \$10.00
No. 80, Lancelot Edition, heavy board....Price, \$3.00
No. 50, STANDARD EDITION, Red....Price, \$2.00
No. 40, POPULAR EDITION, Red....Price, \$1.50
AT DEALERS' or by mail.

Other Famous PARKER GAMES: Touring, Rook,
Ping-Pong, Pollyanna, Lindy, Wings, Pit, Hulma,
Peggy, Chivalry, Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.

"The Standard of Excellence in Games."

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM - MASSACHUSETTS

Morning Exercise

As soon as you get out of bed phone for your car to be brought around. Proceed with your dressing. When the car arrives you should be ready to go to work. But first you must exercise!

- (1) Open door wide. It is best to open all windows, too.
- (2) Assume an erect position in front of the windows. Breathe deeply.
- (3) Raise arms from side to side, horizontally, bringing them slowly around in front of you. Exhale.
- (4) Bend body from waist, simultaneously raising right leg bent at the knee. Take a deep breath.
- (5) Fold arms smartly across chest. Exhale.
- (6) Without changing stooped position of body raise left leg, bent at the knee and move forward cautiously, holding your breath.
- (7) Continue to hold breath, lungs emptied, moving the bent torso slowly from left to right.
- (8) Assume a sitting posture, exhale and inhale deeply.
- (9) Straighten legs slightly and raise head a little.

If more exercise is desired you are now in position to drive the little car downtown, where you may reverse the above manual in getting out.

—Carroll Carroll.



"Let's see what you got in
comical masks."

(29)



WHEN WINTER COMES!



WEST INDIES . . . SPECIAL THANKSGIVING DAY CRUISE

12 DAYS...NOV. 18 TO NOV. 30...\$150 UP
Celebrate Thanksgiving Day differently this year . . . Cruise to Bermuda, Nassau and Havana, in the Cunarder Franconia.

PRE-CHRISTMAS CRUISE

16 DAYS...DEC. 2 TO DEC. 18...\$175 UP
Do your Christmas shopping in the West Indies . . . it's cheaper via Cunard than staying at home. 16 Days in the Franconia to Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, Nassau.

8 other Cunard Cruises varying in duration from 8 to 18 days . . . with sailings up to April 16. Rates from \$111 up, with shore excursions \$126 up, according to steamer and length of cruise.



EGYPT and the MEDITERRANEAN . . .

Join the Annual Classic Mediterranean Cruise . . . The renowned Mauretania sails from New York February 21 . . . returns via Southampton. Rates: N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Tangier, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples \$275 up. N. Y. to Athens, Haifa, Alexandria \$350 up. N. Y. to N. Y. \$840 up.



HAVANA SERVICE . . . The "Caronia" and "Carmania", big ships that exceed by thousands of tons any other steamer in Havana Service, sail every Wed. and Sat. . . N. Y. to Havana . . . First Class \$90 up, round trip \$170 up. New Year's Eve Cruise to Nassau and Havana Dec. 26 . . . 8 days \$170 up.

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD

30 Christmas Greeting Cards

\$1.00
POST PAID

Supervalue in quality and design. Better than ever. Each card represents the most careful workmanship. All in brilliant color harmonies and have that decorative charm and beauty so much to be desired. All in envelopes with color linings to match. If you can duplicate for less than \$2.00 elsewhere, money cheerfully refunded. Our Special Price—Box of 30 for \$1.00.

FREE GIFT BOOK Our 60th Anniversary Catalog—Over 200 Pages of Jewelry, Watches, Silver and charming moderately priced Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your easy chair—direct by mail—and save both time and money. Write today for this Free Book.

JASON WEILER - BAIRD NORTH CO.
55 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

\$250

EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E22".

THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

New!

for your dog—and you

A "home in the house" for your pet. Keeps him off the upholstered furniture. Protects him from drafts—preventing colds and resultant distemper. Fitted with cretonne cushion (with washable slip-cover), stuffed with best red cedar sawdust, which drives away fleas and insects and absorbs the "doggie" odors, leaving instead a pleasant fragrance. Sanitary and correctly ventilated. Strongly made yet light in weight. Designed by J. H. Blanchard, who for fifteen years has bred and raised pure bred terriers, and other small dogs.

Your pet should have a Blanchard Pet Chair—he is Boston, Cairn, Fox Terrier, French Bulldog, Pekin, Pom, Scottie, Sealyham or other toy dog or cat. Special chairs built on order for larger dogs. Splendid for gifts to your dog-loving friends.

Beautifully illustrated catalog with descriptions and prices of various styles and finishes, is yours for the asking. Write for it today.

BLANCHARD PET FURNITURE
3693 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Blanchard Pet Furniture,
3693 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without charge or obligation,
Blanchard Pet Chair Catalog No. L-11.

Name

Street & No.

City & State Post. app. fee.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 20)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Myer Davis Orchestra.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Low's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Kay Kyser and his orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Dinner and supper dances. Cover after 10 o'clock.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.

MR. GRUMPS: I'd just like to know what good all these cooking-school lessons are doing our daughter.

Mrs. G.: Everything she cooks she brings home.

"Yes; and none of the family will touch 'em, and the things are just thrown away."

"No, they are not. She gives them to tramps."

"Ugh! What good does that do?"

"We are getting rid of the tramps."

—Pearson's.



SMALL GOLF ENTHUSIAST: My, daddy, you make it look so e-e-e-z-y.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, Life's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

.....

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

The Modern Dictionary

Absorb, v. t. According to Webster, to swallow up. If Webster is right, the act can only be accomplished by standing on the head.

Cain, n. prop. An early criminal who was not without his good points. In defense of Cain it may be observed that, although he murdered his brother, he did not advance the claim that he was making the world safe for anything.

Derelict, n. An abandoned vessel, such as the head of a college student.

Eatable, n. Anything that is proper to be eaten, as distinguished from caviar or anything that is merely eaten to be proper.

Easy-going, adj. The sort of chap who makes it hard going for whoever has to pay his bills.

Government, n. The management of public affairs. Historians point out its crude beginnings in the organization of hordes, tribes and clans. Thence we trace its evolution onward and upward through centuries of monarchies, republics and democracies until we gaze in awe upon its final glorious stage of development in this most modern social structure of the world, government by gangs.



Clear, Bright Eyes

A few applications of harmless *Murine* will make your eyes much clearer and brighter than before. It reduces bloodshot veins and dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull and lifeless. *Murine* positively contains no belladonna or any other injurious ingredient. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

LE MOMENT EFFRAYANT

[THE SCARED MOMENT]



When you attempt to ride the "tueur" (killer) provided for your amusement and the amusement of others . . . put on "un visage ferme" (a bold face).

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY
DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



© P. Lorillard Co.

The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*,

"SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"

For the Actor—All the World's a Stage—*LIFE*
Is What We Make It.

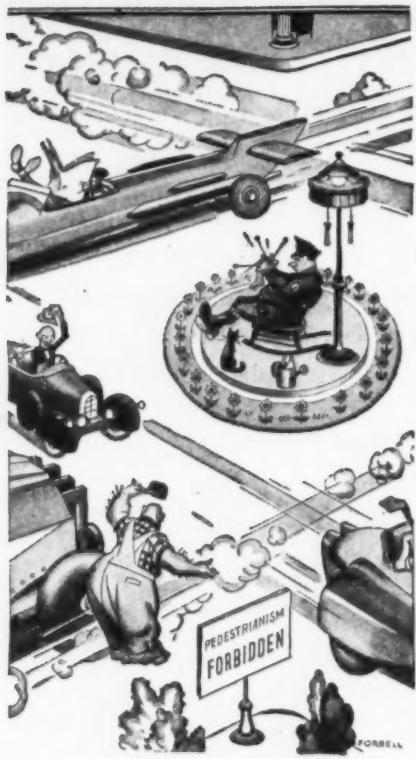
Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40). Send
LIFE for the next ten weeks to



"Open Sesame"
is out of date

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York.
One Year \$5.00 (A.I.) Foreign \$6.60



UNTIL THE MILLENNIUM

SOME day traffic officers will have nothing more to mind than their own knitting. Some day the flaws in human nature will vanish as the morning dew before the rising sun. Some day, but . . . until the millennium—Ætna-ize!

COAST TO COAST SERVICE THROUGH 20,000 ÆTNA AGENTS

The Ætna Automobile Insurance Policy protects you *all ways—always*. No matter where an accident may occur or a claim develop, an Ætna representative is there to look out for your interests. Ætna service now includes Europe, too. The Ætna-izer in your community will be glad to give you the whole story.

Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds! Ætna is the first multiple line insurance organization in America to pay its policyholders *one billion dollars*.



Ætna Casualty and Surety Company

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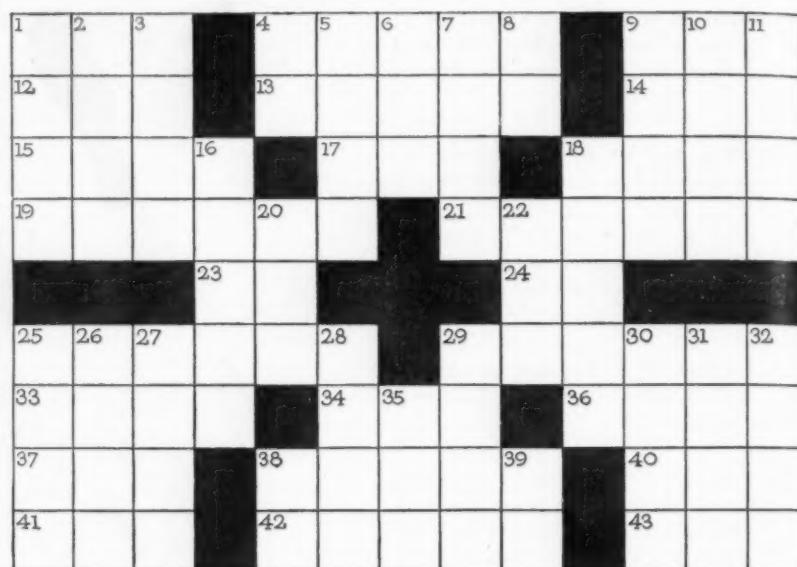
ÆTNA-IZE

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 65

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes Nov. 21.



ACROSS

- Few men can beat *it*.
- What every good husband brings home.
- Definite article.
- Enough wife for any man.
- A sight to dazzle one's eyes.
- Fish.
- Spirit lamp.
- A sign you're mad.
- Cut the heart out of.
- The boy who never grew up.
- These can be drawn on a window.
- One.
- Belonging to.
- Falls in a river.
- What a burglar does in his spare time.
- Over.
- Everyone has this.
- A kind of gin.
- A little drink that won't do you any harm.
- Room for a horse.
- Not in.
- Compass direction, abbr.
- Something you can cash in on.
- Greek letter.

DOWN

- What Omar turned out between drinks.
- A fellow who disagrees with you.
- What a watchdog will do to Mr. Hobo's trousers.
- Bag, abbr.
- Like a house afire.
- This lives on gas.
- Buried treasure.
- The Puritan's country, abbr.
- The way the actor walked on the stage.
- A fast runner.
- These are great starers.
- Encore.
- Coffee houses.
- This comes last.
- The kind of show that makes money.
- The most expensive thing in ladies' hose.
- The sacred bull.
- A Roman father.
- What false teeth come in.
- This is always under foot.
- Plant of the Illy family.
- A fellow so awkward he falls over his feet.
- A bristle.
- A pipeful of this and you'll see angels.
- Continent, abbr.
- Army officer, abbr.

The minimum of machinery to carry two people anywhere!



...that is the
bantam
Austin!

HERE is the essence of transportation . . . without bulk or tonnage. The Austin is just large enough to carry two people . . . swiftly . . . comfortably. *Swiftly* means fifty miles an hour or better. *Comfortably* means plenty of leg room even for six-footers . . . width enough for the most robust passengers . . . and a riding ease that would be exceptional in cars twice its heft!

The Austin is a veteran in the rough going of snow and ice. It was a member of both the Byrd and Wilkins Antarctic expeditions. What surprises all new Austin drivers is that bumps are absorbed

immediately with none of that bouncing up-and-down after-motion.

Its thrift-per-mile makes it a logical personal car for those independent spirits who prefer it to part-time use of the family car. Forty miles on a gallon of gas. Twenty to forty thousand miles on a set of tires. Three-quarters of a cent a mile for gas, oil and tires. It earns its own keep in large car mileage saved.

A car to run around in . . . to go places swiftly . . . to do things independently . . . that is the bantam Austin. Four hundred and forty-five dollars at the factory.

Have you ridden in one?

Medals and cups galore



England, "Double
Twelve," 64.97 m. p. h.



New Zealand, Otago Hill
Climb, First and Second.



Egyptian Royal Auto-
mobile Club Race, First.



Scotland, Irvine Reliabil-
ity Trial, Glasgow, First.

THE AMERICAN
Austin
AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INC., BUTLER, PA.



ATWATER KENT

RADIO

Let your eyes and ears alike rejoice!

See this harmonious beauty—hear this rare performance

HERE in the new Atwater Kent are the year's four important developments—the Golden Voice, the Quick-Vision Dial, perfected Tone Control, and the new trend in design.

Any one of these great advancements would tax the creative abilities of most manufacturers. Atwater Kent achieves them *all* in a single season.

Note how swiftly, how easily and accurately you tune in your station with this exclusive Quick-Vision Dial—the radio dial with all stations always in sight and equally separated from end to end. Reads as easily as a clock. No other radio has it.



MODEL 76
Highboy with sliding doors. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut doors and front panels.



MODEL 70
Lowboy. Finished in American walnut, with matched butt walnut front panel and apron.



MODEL 74
Table. Finished in American walnut. All four sides are finished. It may thus be placed anywhere in room.



NEW QUICK-VISION DIAL

WITH THE
GOLDEN
VOICE

Listen to the Golden Voice—the glowing, living, throbbing tones of the actual performers, on near or distant station—vocal or instrumental program—high notes or low.

Now get the most from any program—with perfected tone control, emphasizing bass or treble at a touch of your fingers—four definite shadings of the Golden Voice.

Observe this harmonious simplicity of design. Its home-like friendliness makes it the kind of radio you like to live with.

See and hear this new Atwater Kent with the Golden Voice today and find out how easy it is to own—through modest time payments.

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MODEL 75
Radio-Phono-graph Combination. Finished in American walnut. Ample and accessible record compartment.

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R...
CHICAGO,
is held
listed P